THE MADISONIAN.

VOL II.—NO. 95. WASHINGTON CITY, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1839. WHOLE NO. 236.

THE MADISONIAN.

THOMAS ALLEN,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE MADISONIAN is published Tri-weekly during the sittings of Congress, and Semi-weekly during the recess, at $5 per annum. For six months, $3.

No subscription will be taken for a term short of six months; nor unless paid for *in advance*.

PRICE OF ADVERTISING.

Twelve lines, or less, three insertions, - $1 00

Each additional insertion, - - - 25

Longer advertisements at proportionate rates.

A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.

☞ Subscribers may remit by mail, in bills of solvent banks, *postage paid*, at our risk; provided it shall appear by a postmaster's certificate, that such remittance has been duly mailed.

A liberal discount will be made to companies of *five* or more transmitting their subscriptions together.

Postmasters, and others authorized, acting as our agents, will be entitled to receive a copy of the paper *gratis* for every five subscribers or, at that rate per cent. on subscriptions generally; the terms being fulfilled.

Letters and communications intended for the establishment will not be received unless the *postage is paid*

POETRY.

From the Claremont Eagle.

JUBAL'S LAMENT.

The arrival of that distinguished Sub-Treasurer, Jubal Harrington, late Postmaster of Worcester, at New Orleans, on his way to the "Valley of rascals," has recently been announced in the papers A poetical correspondent of the New Bedford Mercury, represents Jubal as having been at last caught, and thrown into a Texan dungeon—where gazing intently at a Treasury note before him, containing on the back a rude sketch of the Worcester Post Office, the Great Absconded thus soliloquizes. We have seen a much worse parody than this:

Sweet Office! dear to me were you!
That chair, I oft sat swearing on!
Alas, the Tories then were true;
At least I thought so; I, their Ju-
—bal Harrington,
—bal Harrington.

From thee I ran, I flew, and Ju-
—bal's weary legs kept tearing on;
My Treasury notes were not a few!
To pause I felt would never do,
For Harrington,
For Harrington.

But ah! this form! this pallid hue!
My life and strength are wearing on;
Which of my friends would know the blue,
Leg-Treasurer, Locofoco Ju-
—bal Harrington,
—bal Harrington.

When years ago my Tory Tu-
—tor taught me—his arm bearing on!
He pointed out to me my du-
—ty, patted me and called me Ju-
—bal Harrington,
—bal Harrington.

Since then I've never ceased to do
The things he taught, worth caring on!
But of a sudden I found ru-
—in staring in the face of Ju-
—bal Harrington,
—bal Harrington.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu!
My spoils I can't be sharing on;
Here doomed to starve on water gru-
—el, must I live and die, poor Ju-
—bal Harrington,
—bal Harrington!

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

AN ENIGMA.

Pronounced as one letter, and written as three,
Two letters there are, and only two in me;
I am double, am single, am black, blue and grey;
I am read from both ends, and the same either way;
I am restless and wandering, steady and fixed,
And you know not one hour what I may be the next;
I melt, and I kindle, beseech and defy,
I am watery and moist, I am fiery and dry,
I am scornful and scowling, compassionate, meek;
I am light, I am dark, I am strong, I am weak;
I am sluggish and dead, I am lively and bright;
I am sharp, I am flat, I am left, I am right;
I am piercing and clear, I am heavy and dull;
Expressive and languid, contracted and full;
I am careless and vacant, I search and I pry,
And judge and decide, and examine and try;
I'm a globe, and a mirror, a window, a door,
An index, an organ, and fifty things more;
I belong to all animals under the sun,
An to those which were long understood to have none.
By some I am said to exist in the mind,
And I am found in potatoes, and needles, and wind,
Three jackets I own, of glass, water, and horn,
And I wore them all three on the day I was born;
I am covered quite snug, have a lid and a fringe,
Yet I move every way on invisible hinge;
A pupil I have, a most whimsical wight,
Who is little by day and grows big by night,
Whom I cherish with care as part of myself,
For in truth I depend on the delicate elf,
Who collects all my food, and with wonderful knack,
Throws it into a net which I keep at my back.
I am spoken of sometimes as if I were glass,
But then it is false, and the trick will not pass;
A blow makes me run, though I have not a limb;
Though I neither have fins, nor a bladder, I swim;
Like many more couples, my partner and I,
At times will look cross at each other and shy,
Yet still, though we differ in what we're about,
One will do all the work when the other is out;
I am least apt to cry, as they always remark,
When trimmed with good lashes, or kept in the dark;
Should I fret and be heated, they put me to bed,
And leave me to cool upon water and bread;
But if hardened I grow, they make use of the knife,
Lest an obstinate humor endanger my life;
My belt is a rainbow; I reel and I dance;
I am said to retire, though I never advance;
I am read by physicians as one of their books,
And used by the ladies to fasten their hooks.
My language is plain, though I cannot be heard,
And I speak without ever pronouncing a word;
Some call me a diamond, some say I am jet,
Others talk of my water, or how I am set.
I'm a borough in England, in Scotland a stream,
And an isle of the sea in an Irishman's dream;
The earth without me would no loveliness wear,
And sun, moon and stars, at my wish disappear;
Yet so frail is my tenure, so brittle my joy,
That a speck gives me pain, and a drop can destroy.

H. B., Jr.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine for June.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ALHAMBRA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH BOOK.

During a summer's residence in the old Moorish palace of the Alhambra, of which I have already given numerous anecdotes to the public, I used to pass much of my time in the beautiful hall of the Abencerrages, beside the fountain celebrated in the tragic story of that devoted race. Here it was, that thirty-six cavaliers of that heroic line were trecherously sacrificed, to appease the jealousy or allay the fears of a tyrant. The fountain which now throws up its sparkling jet, and sheds a dewy freshness around, ran red with the noblest blood of Granada, and a deep stain on the marble pavement is still pointed out, by the cicerones of the pile, as a sanguinary record of the massacre. I have regarded it with the same determined faith with which I have regarded the traditional stains of Rizzio's blood on the floor of the chamber of the unfortunate Mary, at Holyrood. I thank no one for endeavoring to enlighten my credulity, on such points of popular belief. It is like breaking up the shrine of the pilgrim; it is robbing a poor traveller of half the reward of his toils; for, strip travelling of its historical illusions, and what a mere fag you make of it!

For my part, I gave myself up, during my sojourn in the Alhambra, to all the romantic and fabulous traditions connected with the pile. I lived in the midst of an Arabian tale, and shut my eyes, as much as possible, to every thing that called me back to every-day life; and if there is any country in Europe where one can do so, it is in poor, wild, legendary, proud-spirited, romantic Spain, where the old magnificent barbaric spirit still contends against the utilitarianism of modern civilization.

In the silent and deserted halls of the Alhambra; surrounded with the insignia of regal sway, and the still vivid, though dilapidated traces of oriental voluptuousness, I was in the strong-hold of Moorish story, and every thing spoke and breathed of the glorious days of Granada, when under the dominion of the crescent. When I sat in the hall of the Abencerrages, I suffered my mind to conjure up all that I had read of that illustrious line. In the proudest days of Moslem domination, the Abencerrages were the soul of every thing noble and chivalrous. The veterans of the family, who sat in the royal council, were the foremost to devise those heroic enterprises, which carried dismay into the territories of the Christians; and what the sages of the family devised, the young men of the name were the foremost to execute. In all services of hazard; in all adventurous forays, and hair-breadth hazards, the Abencerrages were sure to win the brightest laurels. In those noble recreations, too, which bear so close an affinity to war; in the tilt and tourney, the riding at the ring, and the daring bull-fight; still the Abencerrages carried off the palm. None could equal them for the splendor of their array, the gallantry of their devices; for their noble bearing, and glorious horsemanship. Their open-handed munificence made them the idols of the populace, while their lofty magnanimity, and perfect faith, gained them golden opinions from the generous and high-minded. Never were they known to decry the merits of a rival, or to betray the confidings of a friend; and the 'word of an Abencerrage' was a guarantee that never admitted of a doubt.

And then their devotion to the fair! Never did Moorish beauty consider the fame of her charms established, until she had an Abencerrage for a lover; and never did an Abencerrage prove recreant to his vows. Lovely Granada! City of delights! Who ever bore the favors of thy dames more proudly on their casques, or championed them more gallantly in the chivalrous tilts of the Vivarambla? Or who ever made thy moon-lit balconies, thy gardens of myrtles and roses, of oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, respond to more tender serenades?

I speak with enthusiasm on this theme; for it is connected with the recollection of one of the sweetest evenings and sweetest scenes that ever I enjoyed in Spain. One of the greatest pleasures of the Spaniards is, to sit in the beautiful summer evenings, and listen to traditional ballads, and tales about the wars of the Moors and Christians, and the 'buenas andanzas' 'grandes hechos,' the 'good fortunes' and 'great exploits' of the hardy warriors of yore. It is worthy of remark, also, that many of these songs, or romances, as they are called, celebrate the prowess and magnanimity in war, and the tenderness and fidelity in love of the Moorish cavaliers, once their most formidable and hated foes. But centuries have elapsed, to extinguish the bigotry of the zealot; and the once detested warriors of Grenada are now held up by Spanish poets, as the mirrors of chivalric virtue.

Such was the amusement of the evening in question. A number of us were seated in the Hall of the Abencerrages, listening to one of the most gifted and fascinating beings that I had ever met with in my wanderings. She was young and beautiful; and light and ethereal; full of fire, and spirit, and pure enthusiasm. She wore the fanciful Andalusian dress; touched the guitar with speaking eloquence; improvised with wonderful facility; and as she became excited by her theme, or by the rapt attention of her auditors, would pour forth in the richest and most melodious strains, a succession of couplets, full of striking description, or striking narration, and composed, as I was assured, at the moment. Most of these were suggested by the place, and related to the ancient glories of Grenada, and the prowess of her chivalry. The Abencerrages were her favorite heroes, she felt a woman's admiration of their gallant courtesy, and high-souled honor; and it was touching and inspiring to hear the praises of that generous but devoted race, chanted in this fated hall of their calamity, by the lips of Spanish beauty.

Among the subjects of which she treated, was a tale of Moslem honor, and old-fashioned Spanish courtesy, which made a strong impression on me. She disclaimed all merit of invention, however, and said she had merely dilated into verse a popular tradition; and, indeed, I have since found the main facts inserted at the end of Conde's History of the Domination of the Arabs, and the story itself embodied in the form of an episode in the Diana of Montemayor. From these sources, I have drawn it forth, and endeavored to shape it according to my recollection of the version of the beautiful minstrel; but alas! what can supply the want of that voice, that look, that form, that action, which gave magical effect to her chant, and held every one rapt in breathless admiration! Should this mere travestie of her inspired numbers ever meet her eye, in her stately abode at Grenada, may it meet with that indulgence which belongs to her benignant nature. Happy should I be, if it could awaken in her bosom one kind recollection of the lonely stranger and sojourner, for whose gratification she did not think it beneath her to exert those fascinating powers, which were the delight of brilliant circles; and who will ever recall with enthusiam the happy evening passed in listening to her strains, in the moon-lit halls of the Alhambra.

GEOFFREY CRAYON.

THE ABENCERRAGE.

A SPANISH TALE.

On the summit of a craggy hill, a spur of the mountains of Ronda, stands the castle of Allora, now a mere ruin, infested by bats and owlets, but in old times one of the strong border holds of the Christians, to keep watch upon the frontiers of the warlike kingdom of Granada, and to hold the Moors in check. It was a post always confided to some well-tried commander; and, at the time of which we treat, was held by Rodrigo de Narvaez, a veteran, famed, both among Moors and Christians, not only for his hardy feats of arms, but also for that magnanimous courtesy, which should ever be entwined with the sterner virtues of the soldier.

The castle of Allora was a mere part of his command; he was Alcayde, or military governor of Antiquera, but he passed most of his time at the frontier post, because its situation on the borders gave more frequent opportunity for those adventurous exploits which were the delight of the Spanish chivalry. His garrison consisted of fifty chosen cavaliers, all well mounted, and well appointed; with these he kept vigilant watch upon the Moslems; patrolling the roads, and paths, and defiles, of the mountains, so that nothing could escape his eye, and now and then signalizing himself by some dashing foray into the very Vega of Granada.

On a fair and beautiful night in summer, when the freshness of the evening breeze had tempered the heat of day, the worthy Alcayde sallied forth, with nine of his cavaliers, to patrol the neighborhood, and seek adventures. They rode quietly and cautiously, lest they should be overheard by Moorish scout or traveller; and kept along ravines and hollow ways, lest they should be betrayed by the glittering of the full moon upon their armor.—Coming to where the road divided, the Alcayde directed five of his cavaliers to take one of the branches, while he, with the remaining four, whould take the other. Should either party be in danger, the blast of a horn was to be the signal to bring their comrades to their aid.

The party of five, had not proceeded far, when, in passing through a defile, overhung with trees, they heard the voice of a man, singing. They immediately concealed themselves in a grove, on the brow of a declivity, up which the stranger would have to ascend. The moonlight, which left the grove in deep shadow, lit up the whole person of the wayfarer, as he advanced, and enabled them to distinguish his dress and appearance, with perfect accuracy. He was a Morrish cavalier, and his noble demeanor, graceful carriage, and splendid attire, showed him to be of lofty rank. He was superbly mounted, on a dappled-gray steed, of powerful frame, and generous spirit, and magnificently caparisoned. His dress was a marlota, or tunic, and an Albernoz of crimson damask, fringed with gold. His Tunisian turban, of many folds, was of silk and cotton striped, and bordered with golden fringe. At his girdle hung a scimetar of Damascus steel, with loops and tassels of silk and gold. On his left arm he bore an ample target, and his right hand grasped a long double-pointed lance. Thus equipped he sat negligently on his steed, as one who dreamed of no danger, gazing on the moon, and singing, with a sweet and manly voice, a Moorish love ditty.

Just opposite the place where the Spanish cavaliers were concealed, was a small fountain in the rock, beside the road, to which the horse turned to drink; the rider threw the reins on his neck, and continued his song.

The Spanish cavaliers conferred together; they were all so pleased with the gallant and gentle appearance of the Moor, that they resolved not to harm but to capture him, which, in his negligent mood, promised to be an easy task; rushing, therefore, from their concealment, they thought to surround and seize him. Never were men more mistaken. To gather up his reins, wheel round his steed, brace his buckler, and couch his lanae, was the work of an instant; and there he sat, fixed like a castle in his saddle, beside the fountain.

The Christian cavaliers checked their steeds, and reconnoitred him warily, loth to come to an encounter, which must end in his destruction.

The Moor now held a parley; 'If you be true knights,' said he, 'and seek for honorable fame, come on, singly, and I am ready to meet each in succession; but if you be mere lurkers of the road, intent on spoil, come all at once, and do your worst.'

The cavaliers communed for a moment apart, when one, advancing singly, exclaimed: 'Although no law of chivalry obliges us to risk the loss of a prize, when clearly in our power, yet we willingly grant, as a courtesy, what we might refuse as a right. Valiant Moor, defend thyself!'

So saying, he wheeled, took proper distance, couched his lance, and putting spurs to his horse, made at the stranger. The latter met him in mid career, transpierced him with his lance, and threw him headlong from his saddle. A second and a third succeeded, but were unhorsed with equal facility, and thrown to the earth severely wounded. The remaining two, seeing their comrades thus roughly treated, forgot all compact of courtesy and charged both at once upon the Moor. He parried the thrust of one, but was wounded by the other in the thigh, and, in the shock and confusion, dropped his lance. Thus disarmed, and closely pressed, he pretended to fly, and was hotly pursued. Having drawn the two cavaliers some distance from the spot, he suddenly wheeled short about, with one of those dexterous movements for which the Moorish horseman were renowned; passed swiftly between them, swung himself down from his saddle, so as to catch up his lance, then, lightly replacing himself, turned to renew the combat.

Seeing him thus fresh for the encounter, as if just issued from his tent, one of the caliers put his lips to his horn, and blew a blast, that soon brought the Alcaydo and his four companions to the spot.

The valiant Narvaez, seeing three of his cavaliers extended on the earth, and two others hotly engaged with the Moor, was struck with admiration, and coveted a contest with so accomplished a warrior. Interfering in the fight, he called upon his followers to desist, and addressing the Moor, with courteous words, invited him to a more equal combat. The latter readily accepted the challenge. For some time, the contest was fierce and doubtful, and the Alcayde had need of all his skill and strength to ward off the blows of his antagonist. The Moor, however, was exhausted by previous fighting, and by loss of blood. He no longer sat his horse firmly, nor managed him with his wonted skill. Collecting all his strength for a last assault, he rose in his stirrups, and made a violent thrust with his lance; the Alcayde received it upon his shield, and at the same time wounded the Moor in the right arm; then closing, in the shock, he grasped him in his arms, dragged him from his saddle, and fell with him to the earth; when putting his knee upon his breast, and his dagger to his throat, 'Cavalier,' exclaimed he, 'render thyself my prisoner for thy life is in my hands!'

'Kill me rather,' replied the Moor, 'for death would be less grievous than loss of liberty.'

The Alcayde, however, with the clemency of the truly brave, assisted the Moor to rise, ministered to his wounds with his own hands, and had him conveyed with great care to the castle of Allora. His wounds were slight, and in a few days were nearly cured; but the deepest wound had been inflicted on his spirit. He was constantly buried in a profound melancholy.

The Alcayde, who had conceived a great regard for him, treated him more as a friend than a captive, and tried in every way to cheer him, but in vain; he was always sad and moody, and, when on the battlements of the castle, would keep his eyes turned to the south, with a fixed and wistful gaze.